CYM. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike
me To death
with mortal joy.
Pis. How fares my mistress ?
IMO. O, get thee from my sight; Thou gav"st me poison : dangerous fellow, hence ! Breathe not where princes are.
CYM. The tune of Imogen !
Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if That box I gave you was not thought by me A precious thing ; I had it from the queen.
CYM. New matter still ?
*IMQ** It poison'd me.
COR. *O* Gods !
—
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd, Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio Have, said she, given his mistress that confection Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd As I would serve a rat.
CYM. What's this, Cornelius ?
COR. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me To temper poisons for her; still pretending The satisfaction of her knowledge, only In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose Was of more danger, did compound for her A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease The present power of life ; but, in short time, All offices of nature should again Do their due functions.— Have you ta'en of it ?
IMO. Most like I did, for I was dead.
£JSL. My boys,
There was our error.
GUI. This is sure, Fidele.
IMO. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?